Come in beautiful, said the whoremaster-general of Hogtown's Little Purgatory. How much money do you have for me tonight?

Excuse me, Sir? 50s Chic was astonished; he sounded exactly like the boyfriend, who was moving to Timbuktu. Was he equally inconvenient? She would no sooner establish herself in her new surroundings, than he'd move out and sell the place to a White Slaver. She pondered....

Citizen Hearse leered at her. No, she wasn't from one of his stables. He'd install her....

A colloquial greeting from the deep south, he said unctuously. It means how may I serve thee, my lady....

The degenerates stopped brawling and crapping on the front lawn long enough to hear....

I am looking for a decent place to live....

For you and your LITTLE FAMILY?....

Yes, for Slim and myself....

Oh, you mean you're married.... Sssss, he hissed to himself. He loathed marriage.

Slim is my cat....

Oh, a PUSSY.... He said, brightening....

He's like a child to me, or more precisely a JUVENILE DELINQUENT....

Does Slim SCRATCH?

If you TEASE him....

I'm a BIG TEASE....

Excuse me?

Oh, of course. Come on in. I have a great room right in the middle on the ground floor....

Thank you....

She entered and beheld a long corridor along both walls of which the wretched tenants had scrawled endearments (eat shit, suck cock muthafucka, etc.) in human feces.

Outside the front bedroom a Chinese woman was reading a thick wad of other things' letters and wiping her ass with them while crapping in a shallow aluminum saucepan.

Forget it, said 50s Chic. Behind her the incredible Citizen Hearse had whipped out his swarthy tool and was frantically jerking it off....

Bob's your UNCLE, his hissed....

She ran out screaming, hoping it was all just a dream. She would soon wake up back in that now-so-beautiful-seeming all-white suburb in Tennessee....

Then she slipped and tripped in something warm and mushy. The last thing she remembered was a lot of hands reaching for her from the shadows....

Johnny heard all about it the next day from Jah Lo See. How Citizen Hearse TRANSFORMED her.... Into a -

## Zoncolite Girl!

Butch got it all on tape. The performance of a lifetime.

*****

She sat on the vinyl-upholstered couch in Citizen Hearse's private aerie. His bower of